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CONTENTS

Editorial	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
The Christian Concept of Discipline	REV. THOMAS J. MCCARTHY, PH.D.
An Appreciation.. ..	IRENE DUNNE GRIFFEN
Father King's Seminar	SISTER MARIE DE LOURDES
The Cancer Cell: Sagacious or Demented	JOSEPH A. POLLIA, M.D., F.A.C.P., L.L.D.
Once Upon a Time	SISTER MARY DOLOROSA
Music in the Colleges	SISTER M. CELESTINE
The Teacher of Home Economics	SISTER M. MARGUERITE
Welcome Citizen	SISTER M. HORTENSIA
The House of Usher—and Usherettes	FRANCIS M. TAYLOR

J. M. J.

Editorial

As the third issue of *Inter Nos* comes from the press, we are happy to express our appreciation to our contributors, and to our subscribers, both of whom supply the life stream of our Quarterly. The members of "Creative Writing" deserve special mention, for their making possible the appearance of Volume 2.

As stated in our first issue, *Inter Nos* plans to alternate its contents between contributions of faculty and alumnae and of students and alumnae. Volume 3 then, draws from the first group; Volume 4, the December issue, from the second.

Though not designed to carry current news, as news in a Quarterly is not apt to be "current," interesting and informative items regarding our Alumnae will be welcomed by the editors and readers. Will an alumna accept the challenge to become a reporter for *Inter Nos*?

September is a month rich in the feasts of saints. Prominent among these are three feasts of Our Lady. September 8th celebrates her Nativity, for mankind the happiest birthday, excepting that of her Divine Son. The twelfth is the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, dearest of all names after the Holy Name of Jesus. September fifteenth marks the seven sorrows of Christ's Mother, sometimes called the feast of her Compassion. The original meaning of this word, as translated "suffering with," joins Mary to the sufferings of her Son, though its later significance is also applicable to her, who pitied and compassionated Jesus with the fullness of her being. In a special manner, let us think of Mary on these dates and trust to her God's world, with all its needs.

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA

The Christian Concept of Discipline

By Rev. Thomas J. McCarthy, Ph. D.

At the heart of any discussion of Christian discipline there must pulsate Saint Paul's unforgettable words as rendered by Monsignor Knox: "My own actions bewilder me; what I do is not what I wish to do, but something which I hate . . . praiseworthy intentions are always ready to hand but I cannot find my way to the performance of them; it is not the good my will prefers but the evil my will disapproves that I find myself doing."

Here the Apostle surely and strikingly lays hold of that law within man's members which is constantly warring against the law of his mind so that the good he wills, he does not and the evil he wills not, that he does. The whole program of Christian discipline and indeed its whole reason for existence, is bound up in that extraordinarily keen observation of Saint Paul.

No one with any experience of life can fail to acknowledge how that law within man's members continually revolts against the law of his mind, bringing with that revolt, mischief, tragedy and unhappiness.

It is impossible to explain human achievement or human failure without realizing that man is at once a rebel and a possible saint. The Church, of course, has realized this from the very beginning and she has developed her program of discipline to check man in his rebellious moods and to advance him in his strides toward sanctity.

If we understand by discipline the perfecting of man's nature whereby he subjects his lower nature to the service of the higher, we can see how necessary it is to have a clear idea of what that nature is and what it is destined for.

Were man simply a crude materialistic creature destined only to serve the interests of the State, there would be no point in perfecting his nature and surely no point in becoming concerned about his destiny. If all he did were marked by the limits of time and had reference to no fuller life elsewhere, then the State would be welcome to him. He would be a poor creature at best and hardly worth troubling about. The sooner the grave would swallow him, the better it would be.

If man were higher than this, however, having a spiritual side as well as a material, and a destiny for something greater than anything contained on this earth, then the perfecting of such a one would deserve man's closest attention and would certainly enlist the best efforts of educators whose task it then would be to bring him to a realization of the greatness within his nature, a greatness which reason alone could not entirely explain were it not for the intervening revelation of Almighty God. It is to such a man, composed of body and soul, made to the image and likeness of God, that Christian discipline is directed.

Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on Christian Education warned, "It must never be forgotten that the subject of Christian education is man whole and entire, soul united to body in unity of nature, with all his faculties natural and supernatural, such as right reason and revelation show him to be; man, therefore, fallen from his original state, but redeemed by Christ and restored to the super-natural privileges of bodily immortality and perfect control of appetite. There remain, therefore, in human nature the effects of original sin, the chief of which are weakness of will and disorderly inclinations."

This is the picture which the Christian teacher acknowledges. His problem is to train, develop and perfect that creature—man—so that he can achieve mastery over the law of his members and bring his lower nature into subjection to his higher nature, the better to realize his sublime destiny which is to look upon God one day, and to share, all through eternity, that Beatific Vision with others so wonderfully blessed.

"The true work of a teacher," wrote Padraic Pearse, "may be said to be, to help the child to realize himself at his best and worthiest. One does not want to make each of one's pupils a replica of one's self (God forbid), holding the self-same opinions, prejudices, likes, illusions. Neither does one want to drill all one's pupils into so many little regulation soldiers, though this is apparently the aim of some of the most cried-up modern systems. In point of fact, man is not primarily a member of a State, but a human individual—that is, a human soul imprisoned in a human body; a shivering human soul with its own awful problems, its own august destiny, lonelier in its house of clay than any prisoner in any Bastille in the world. The true teacher will recognize in each of his pupils an individual human soul, distinct and different from every other human soul that has ever been fashioned by God, miles and miles apart from the soul that is nearest and most akin to it, craving, indeed, comradeship and sympathy and pity, needing also, it may be, discipline, guidance and a restraining hand, but imperiously demanding to be allowed to live its own life, to be allowed to bring itself to its own perfection; because for every soul there is a perfection meant for it alone, and which it alone is capable of attaining. So the primary office of the teacher is to foster that of good which is native in the soul of his pupil, striving to bring its inborn excellences to ripen rather than to implant in it excellences exotic to its nature."

Here then is the challenge which the Christian educator must meet—the challenge of helping those in his charge to realize themselves at their best and their worthiest. He is dealing, not with numbers, but with sacred personalities who will one day stand before God for judgment. His first task is to help man to bring his rebellious powers into subjection—to allow no divided authority within his soul; to see that no part of his nature develops an independent life of its own but that all take part in cooperating for the well-

being of the whole; that no sense or faculty acts or lives for its own gratification but for the good of the person to whom it belongs.

The three main avenues through which man approaches perfection are through his body, his mind and his will. These then are focal points for discipline.

The body, first of all, because it is here man experiences the most unruly, the most ungovernable manifestations of his lower nature. His passions, his appetites, his sensual desires, all are rooted in the body. He must subject them to control and direct their energies toward good. He is encouraged to do this first of all through fasting and mortification.

It would be well to point out here that mortification and fasting in themselves have no significance. The Church does not encourage them for their own sakes. They are means to an end. The man who fasts and subjects his body to mortification surrenders something of a lower order to gain a higher one. The pain of sacrifice which he experiences is a witness to the worth of that for which his sacrifice is made. Nothing worth having can be obtained without paying for it. A man who values this life more than life beyond the grave will pursue the pleasures and enjoyment of this life at the expense of that larger, more complete life with God. He who believes he was made for eternity with God and that only with Him can he find complete happiness, will be ready to sacrifice everything in this world for that—home, friends, comfort, associations, ease, everything—if it interferes with obtaining his happiness.

It is necessary to insist that Christian discipline makes no point of mortification and fasting in themselves. It uses them to remind man that the imperious demands of his lower nature must not be met, even though they call fiercely for satisfaction.

From childhood through old age the need for doing violence to the body through fasting and mortification is enunciated by the Church so that man's nature can observe within it that order and hierarchy which disposes it properly for its ultimate life with God. The ways of checking appetites, subduing passions and controlling the senses are countless. Every program of Christian discipline makes a point of detailing means of effecting their subjection.

It would not be a complete picture of Christian discipline though, if fasting and mortification were set down as the only ways of bringing the body into subjection. These really are negative ways. They are check-reins placed over the body to hold it back.

The Church has yet another way of effecting bodily discipline. It is through her beautiful teaching on the body that she brings this about. Pagans have mortified themselves and have subjected their bodies to fasts; but no pagan writer ever approached the splendor of the Church's teaching on the body. What had been to the greatest and noblest of the pagan writers only a house of flesh, under the Christian tradition, becomes the temple of God. The Christian is

encouraged to reverence his body as something more than a marvelous framework of flesh. He sees it in its true dignity, as the place where God really dwells. Everything about that dwelling place must be characterized by order. Disarray, disorder, profanation, should all be foreign to it.

So that man will not forget how great are the achievements possible through a body so regulated, the Church holds constantly before his eyes examples of saints whose heroism and achievements, particularly in overcoming bodily tyrannies, have a strong appeal. She never tires, for instance, of speaking in this connection about Augustine. Was any man ever so subject to the world of sense and sensual pleasure as he? He who prayed, "O Lord give me chastity, but not yet." He who sought happiness in the courts of pleasure and would not give them up until his thirty-third year. He who then went on to become the master of his body, of its appetites, its desires and its passions and achieved great sanctity in the remaining years of his life. Small wonder the Church keeps him so much before the eyes of a world that has indulged today a cult of the body which has more devotees than ever it possessed in early pagan times. Small wonder that the Augustines and Magdalenes are not allowed by the Church to slip back into history but are rather brought before men in every age so that they will see how nobly the body can serve the interests of God when it is treated as a temple of God.

The mind of man is the second focal point for Christian discipline. It is impossible to emphasize strongly enough the importance of mental discipline. Everywhere we look today we see the curse which has fallen upon a society characterized, in the main, by undisciplined mental life. Error in place of truth, evil in place of good, falsehoods, corrupt thinking, loose reasoning, sloppy logic—why go on?—the train is a lengthy one and it keeps adding cars with the passing of each year.

If it is the proper work of Christian discipline to perfect that which it is working with, then the mind of man today badly needs Christian discipline.

Men are what they think. Their thoughts determine their actions. The ideas they cultivate and nurture have consequences. They do not remain locked up within the mind. Nothing is so true as the profound Scriptural truth, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!"

Man's character and personality depend largely on the establishment of that inner discipline whereby his thoughts are subject to control. Unless he has established this control he will always have the feeling of insecurity. He will never be sure of himself. Even those external restraints which he has set up through discipline of one kind or another will yield under the pressure exerted from within. Bitter thoughts will find expression in words when he least desires it. Long indulged thoughts of a sensual nature hidden

from man's gaze will, in one unguarded moment, lead to an act causing exposure and sometimes ruin. It is a commonplace in human experience for people to express shock over the action of some person who was well-regarded. "It was so unlike him," they say. But they say this because they had no insight into his mental life. His thoughts, his ruminations, his suspicions, his judgments, these were all within and they were of an evil nature and with their expression they exposed him.

Control of thoughts then is absolutely necessary. This means that the approaches to the mind must always be watched. Christ said, "Watch ye and pray lest ye enter into temptation." This vigilance is not something maintained during school years. It is lifelong. See the care with which the Church examines each new theory. See how solicitous She is regarding the reading of her children. See with what diligence She examines her professors striving at every point to safeguard the thoughts of her children from corruption. Her Index, Her reading lists, Her examinations, all are meant to serve as checks upon the kind of thoughts Her children are given and the kind of expression those thoughts receive. All this, however, is merely protective. It is a discipline which is conceived in defensive terms.

There is a larger discipline, however, of the mind not merely defensive but offensive. A discipline dedicated to the realization of Truth in all the branches of knowledge. How carefully the mind is prepared for that high quest. Through all the years of schooling, hard and fast principles are inculcated. Principles at times which bring pain but principles none-the-less which must be subscribed to if Truth, the proper object of the mind's search, is to be possessed.

Many a man and woman nurtured in Christianity has had to pay the dearest price—life itself—rather than yield in their allegiance to Truth. And yet, as Saint Thomas More so wisely and humorously observed: "A man may lose his head and still come to no harm." His fellow-martyr, the magnificent Cardinal-Bishop of Rochester, John Fisher, now happily a saint in heaven, is a witness to the claims truth may make on her devotees. His death, his martyrdom in Truth's behalf, has won him a permanent place in the Church's annals, as one whose training and discipline in things of the mind prepared him for the greatest act of his life—the giving of it rather than to compromise with the Truth as it was given him to see.

The arts and the sciences have Truth as their common mistress and the whole purpose of their being is to serve her interests. The purpose of Christian discipline in things of the mind is to give to man such a healthy respect and regard for Truth that he will never consciously subscribe to error or falsehood. This means the cultivation of habits of thought and study which cannot be gained through any short cuts. Hence the long period of training which the Church submits Her sons and daughters to before She allows them to teach or to break the bread of Truth to those who hunger for it.

Today the lie has been canonized. Errors now have holy names. If lies and errors are to be exorcised from society it will be necessary for those who are trained in Christian thinking to endure more hardships than they have within the past generation, to suffer more in personal effort and expenditure of time than they have been willing to suffer in the past. The Christian has to be a sustained thinker. He cannot indulge the luxury any longer of fitful starts and agonizing lapses. He cannot subscribe to Truth in philosophy and fail to meet its claims in social action. He cannot give assent to the truths of his Catechism and ignore those truths when they apply to his personal life. He must see Truth as an integral thing. He must see it whole and steadily. In professing it he must do so with at least the fervor and the zeal found today in men who profess evil doctrines and propagandize them.

"As Catholics," writes one modern critic, "we have derided too long the left-wing intelligentsia: we should rather deplore their dissipation of moral energy in the pursuit of an amoral ideal. Our Churches bear crosses but they do not seem to breed crusaders. We cannot accept with complacency the fact that the political, literary, and artistic energies of the modern world lie with people whose positive faith is nebulous probably even to themselves. The zeal for making the world a better place, for sacrificing one's own comfort, position and even life, for the sake of others, lies with those who are devoid of the light of religion, even of a guiding principle—this humiliating fact has to be learned by professing Christians."

When we come to the third focal point of Christian discipline, namely the will, we realize that here Christianity can give modern man the lead and direction which his faltering purpose so desperately needs.

The fault today is not so much with man's knowledge nor with his body as it is with his will. He is unable to summon strength enough to pursue any course of action for long. The heights are before him, the hand of destiny beckons him but his will or his lack of will hold him back. How and why all this takes place is a secret which the Christian holds in his possession. He realizes with Saint Paul that man is not at one with himself—that his soul is like a house divided against itself—that many times his own self has to decide on something and to act on it in the face of a deadly opposition. If this opposition arose from the outside it would be disconcerting enough but the paralyzing part of it is that it comes from within. Man is in somewhat the position of a General leading his army against an enemy in the field with the continual fear that his own men are going to turn on him in the heat of battle and betray him.

It was not always so—this fearsome state of division in the soul. In God's original design man's will was one. Knowledge from the mind and love from the will in that original design were intended

to flow together but in our fallen nature these two powers tend to drift apart. The mind acts as though it were sufficient unto itself; and the will, uncontrolled and unguided by reason, goes forth as a blind impulse consuming the whole nature of man with its recklessness.

The command of God says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole mind!" There can be no division—there can be no divided loyalty—the whole heart and the whole mind—nothing less.

With great care the Church trains Her children from the earliest days to see in the example of Christ an exemplar worthy of constant imitation. She knows that knowledge is not enough, for men have known the Truth and yet have betrayed it. She knows that discipline of the body is not enough, for the pagans have had that and yet their wills have not embraced the good which would bring them complete happiness. The will needs more than specific training in the development of its power. It needs to surrender itself completely to something outside of itself.

The law of the members becomes subject to the law of the mind when the will embraces the spirit of Christ Jesus. In no other way can the terrible antagonism which exists within man be resolved save by the surrendering of his will to the Will of God. This is the most perfect fruit of discipline. Christian education aims to realize in its subjects that habit of will which was Christ's in the garden of Gethsemane—"Not my will but Thine be done." In the prayer which is most often said by Christians all over the world, the Our Father, a daily plea is made that His will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Only a will which is prepared to surrender its own lingering desire to the Will of God can make of the Christian concept of discipline something more than a well-thought-out plan. That will which resolves its internal conflicts by getting outside of itself and uniting itself to the Will of God will find itself capable of perfection.

The body, the mind and the will—these then are the three areas for Christian discipline. The Church does not seek to hold in thrall these three. She seeks rather, through their discipline, to release them from the bondage of earth and the bondage of sin into that life with God which is the perfection of man's nature.

On every side our society today has been "shaking the pillaring hours" about it, and its hopes and promises lie mangled beneath the heap. The Christian concept of discipline, if widely enough restored, can lift up our broken world and give it unity and peace once more. The modern world takes self-centredness for granted. It looks upon it as normal and natural. This is its most fatal, most deadly miscalculation about human nature.

Christianity sees self-centredness in a different setting. The first assertion the Christian makes about it is that it is abnormal. Human

nature as we know it in history is not human nature as first created by God. Man, as created by God was centred in God. Man, as created by himself, is self-centred. He is in revolt against his original creation and from this revolt the whole tragedy of history arises. This tendency of man to centre everything in himself cannot be anything but irrational since it is committed to an impossibility. It is an attempt to create a harmony out of persistent conflict and its basic characteristic is a will-to-power.

What does this will-to-power seek to achieve? It seeks to impose itself on everything else—to subordinate everybody to itself. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of selfishness. How can a harmonious society be established in which the basic impulse of individuals composing it is to subject all other persons to themselves? It is utterly impossible, abnormal and irrational.

This self-centredness of the human will remain unaffected by social, economic or political development. That is why such attempts as Communism and Fascism to release man from bondage must be doomed to failure. Man, so long as this self-centredness is not changed, cannot escape self-destruction and frustration.

Human nature must, if it is to escape doom, face the fact that it stands in need of discipline and redemption. The Christian revelation affirms that since man is powerless to transcend his self-centredness with its seeds of doom, he must be lifted up above it and out of it—which is exactly what God has done for him through His Incarnation, through His entrance into history as a human-being.

The self-centred will must become God centred. That is the whole burden of Christian discipline. The program which Christianity sets forth in educating and training its children is the program of Christ. All of Christian discipline must have for its end product the fashioning of that mind in us which was in Christ Jesus—of that life in us which becomes not our life any longer but the life of Christ Jesus in us.

With such a concept of discipline realized, society could regain its sanity, could recapture its fervor and could in all things justify that great hope which God must have had for man in coming down upon this earth and enduring his iniquities so that He might the better lead him on to the glory which is His with His Father in Heaven.

An Appreciation

**On Receiving an Honorary Degree from Mount St. Mary's College,
June 5, 1949**

By Irene Dunne Griffen

I am deeply humble as I receive a Degree from this distinguished College.

I wish to congratulate the graduates and I hope when they look back on this day they will remember me, not as a movie star, but as a Catholic woman who looks upon them as the real stars in the firmament of the Church.

In this twentieth century all girls are interested in glamor and in this they are right. But there are two kinds of glamor—the external and the internal. The latter glamor seems to me to characterize the graduates of Mount Saint Mary's College because along with the knowledge that they have acquired they have had the association of the good Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet and have lived in the shadows of their lovely Chapel. So I hope with all my heart today that as you girls go through life with the glamorous title "College Graduate" along side your names you will not forget the glamor that is yours today because you are being graduated from this particular College.

May I ask then this prayerful petition: That I may be glamorous as you are glamorous, beautiful as you are beautiful, lovely as you are lovely in grace, and above all that I may be a star as you are a star in the Crown of Mary for those stars will never lose their brightness in time or in eternity with God.

Father King's Seminar

By Sister Marie de Lourdes

Father King: I see you have placed this chair where I can enjoy my favorite view from this Browsing Room window while you girls solve—once and for all—the mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Frances: Oh Father, the more you read these sonnets, the more puzzled you become over this "book that roused a thousand critics."

Fr. K.: Indeed, E. K. Chambers tells us that no Shakespeare controversy has received so much attention as that which concerns itself with the mystery of these poems, prefixed by the impudent dedication to Mr. W. H.—Just how does it read, Frances? I have quite forgotten.

Frances: "To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H. all happiness and that eternitie promised by our ever-living

poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth T. T."
 "This famous dedication, prefixed to the folio of 1609, purports to be the handiwork of T. T. or Thomas Thorpe."

Betsy: Thomas Thorpe? Oh, the publisher with "taking ways." Dowden says, "There is reason to believe that the edition of 1609 had neither the superintendence nor the consent of the author."

Alice: As to W. H. Professor Hales says there is absolutely nothing to show who he was or what is meant by 'only begetter.' Begetter may mean inspirer or it may mean simply procurer. If it refers simply to the person who got (begot) the sonnets for Thorpe, then it is of no importance what that person's name is. If begetter means inspirer, then whoever W. H. was, Thorpe is convicted of a gross inaccuracy. For the sonnets were certainly not all inspired by the same person, and the word 'onlie' is absurd.

Gloria: You and Professor Hales seem to be very positive about that part of the question, but Professor Minto says, "It is true, that the phrase 'onlie begetter' sounds strange to us, but in Shakespeare's time 'onlie' was a strong superlative, meaning matchless or incomparable. One does not like to say dogmatically what a bookseller might or might not have done in those days, but I am inclined to think that Mr. W. H. must stand for Shakespeare's friend and patron. I cannot bring myself to believe that any bookseller would have dared to divert the poet's promise of immortality from a person of rank such as Shakespeare's friend and patron undoubtedly was. I see no reason for refusing to believe that W. H. are the initials of Shakespeare's friend."

Betsy: Dowden informs us that the poet for some reason chose to hide himself behind Mr. Thorpe. If you remember there was a social stigma attached both to the stage and to the players who interpreted his works. Shakespeare tells us in Sonnet CXL how he smarted under this.

Marilyn: And I have this quotation from Raleigh:

Shakespeare, it is generally held, did not authorize the publication; neither, so far as appears, did he protest or take any steps to leave the world an amended version. The bulk of the Sonnets were written before 1599, when two of them, which involve the whole story shadowed forth in many of the others, appeared in a piratical publication. The order which they follow in Thorpe's edition has never been bettered, and in most places cannot be disturbed, for they often fall into natural groups of ten, twelve or fourteen, closely connected by the sense. Some of them are addressed to a man and some to a woman.

Fr. K.: Again I should like to quote E. K. Chambers on this point. This noted critic tells us that contemporary history has been

ransacked to find a "W. H." whose age and circumstance might fit the condition of the problem which the sonnets present. There is some evidence to connect Shakespeare with both the Earl of Southampton and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. To the former he dedicated *Venus and Adonis* in 1593 and the *Rape of Lucrece* in 1594. Rowe records that Shakespeare received 1000 pounds for this. His acquaintance with Pembroke can only be inferred from the statement of Heminge and Condell in their preface to the First Folio of the Plays. It is in Pembroke's favor that his initials were in fact W. H. where as Southampton's were not. But a careful investigation of the Sonnets as regards their style and their relation to the plays, renders it almost impossible on chronological grounds that Pembroke can have been their subject.

Gloria: And I should like to give William Minto's views again.

The friendship expressed in Shakespeare's sonnets was probably no less real than the love expressed for their mistresses by other sonneteers. Friendship is not quite dead even in these degenerate days. But it seems to me unmistakable that there is a sequence in them, not only to this extent that several consecutive sonnets are occupied with the same theme, but to this further extent, that the themes are consecutive, arising naturally as if in the course of the poet's varying relations with his friend, relations real or imagined.

Fr. K.: Claire, may we have a word from you?

Claire: Well, I have been reading Prof. Allen on the matter and find that his reasons against the personal character of the sonnets are drawn from the view that they form one of the many sequences in an age when every poet was writing sonnet sequences. They make use of the same conventional conceits; they indulge in the same hyperbolical description of beauty and profession of devotion. From this it is inferred that the substance of them is imaginary. On the other hand Crosland thinks the sequence in these sonnets is of no consequence and the story, the merest accident.

Susan: Do you suppose Shakespeare was writing his own story? I believe with Wordsworth when he says of them that the sonnets express Shakespeare's own feelings in his own person.

Fr. K.: A personal note may have escaped the poet, involuntarily, in the Sonnets in which he gives voice to a sense of melancholy and remorse, but Lee believes his dramatic instinct never slept and there is no proof that he is doing more there than produce dramatically the illusions of a personal confession. If one knew the facts of the poet's life in some detail, or if, on the other hand, one knew the precise date and order of the Sonnets, one might come to definite conclusions; as it is, the problem must remain largely a matter of conjectural interpretation.

Erica: Montmorency suggests that the Sonnets have a deeper meaning than that analyzed by other critics.

Michele: Have we really found a man who shall give us something new on these Sonnets?—some one who looks more deeply into this mystery, and sees more than a catalogue of Shakespeare's love affairs?

Marilyn: Does he believe with Coleridge that Shakespeare uses the expressions "Friend" and "Dark Lady" as a blind?

Erica: Not exactly. He believes that the poet, himself, is a spectator of eternity—the "Friend" is Life and Goodness, and the "Dark Lady" is Death and Evil.

Alice: Ah, a la Dante Aleghieri or Edmund Spencer.

Erica: Yes, in a way. For a dramatic story, the use of the Sonnet would be absurd, and would never have been used by Shakespeare; for an allegory he would use a form that recalls the complexity of Dante and Spencer. "The Sonnets are the key that unlocks the poet's soul, and not his heart, and they bring to view the sublime spiritual motives that inspired his life's work."

Alice: Montmorency, I think indicates that Shakespeare is painting (Son. 22) the ideal human being; that he is creating his ideal, not Pembroke, Southampton, or another, tho' the poet may have evolved his ideal from his only patron, the Earl of Southampton. Sonnet 40 is the frank giving to life of all the little that he had to give, and so on through all the sonnets, all the vicissitudes of life: temptation, that every perfect life must undergo; the poet seems to disclose that he, himself, might become the ideal man whom woman loves. This ideal man, as shown in sonnets 42 and 43, dreaming of highest life, makes night, day; it is the flesh that stands between man and higher life.

Frances: Father King, can you explain the half-hearted promises to Shakespeare's friend of perpetuity of life, "Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men."

Fr. K.: From Sonnet 60 onward, we see the shadow of Death begin to fall on Life. How shall man avert it?

IMMORTAL verse shall avert the shadow
LIFE should reproduce itself; then comes the immortal part of life.

and in Sonnet 69—Men must

*"Look into the beauty of thy mind
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds"*

And Raleigh seems to think the poet hints that it is best to make terms with the destroyer, and, while submitting to him,

to cheat him of the fullness of his triumph by handing on the lamp of life:

*"For nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence."
"My spirit is thine, the better part of me
So then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life."*

Gloria: And the wonderful Sonnet 76, in the light of an allegory, gives new meanings. The ideal and Love are still the poet's argument.

Susan: That is all very beautiful, this idealism, but as Raleigh asks, how are you to explain the shorter series of Sonnets that follow these, some of them realistic and sardonic and coarse like an antimasque after the gracious ceremonial masque of the earlier numbers?

Fr. K.: Montmorency still insists that even here the poet turns to his ideal life; to the fear lest the gleam should vanish of the one thing that includes all good things and is even the soul of goodness in things evil.

Betsy: With Dowden I believe this, while this theory is highly interesting from its ingenuity, I still cling to my opinion that Shakespeare is telling us some of his own experiences.

Fr. K.: Let us read Sonnet 126: Death casts her shadow on the scene; the famous Dark Lady appears upon the allegoric stage. Sonnets 127 and 130 are descriptive of Death and the poet welcomes her. Lee proposes the Dark Lady to be Ovid's "Queen of Night" and remember what Francis Meres wrote in his *Palladis Tamia*: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagorus, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." But it is Death in the soul that the Dark Lady represents. Man does love her; that, as Shakespeare knew well, is the dreadful fact that underlies all human tragedy—the dreadful fact that Shakespeare was destined to exhibit in all its hideous nakedness in tragedy after tragedy and Montmorency continues to show that we have in these Sonnets, the complete key to Shakespeare's doctrines of good and evil. The reference to Eve's Apple shows what was in the poet's mind. The Sonnets are Shakespeare's version of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*.

*"Two loves I have of comfort and despair
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit, a woman coloured ill."*

In 146 we see man, the spectator of eternity, the spirit of the two eternal powers, "Good and Evil" of the eternal and ideal good, of the almost eternal evil. Yet there is Hope.

SONNET 146

*"Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying."*

Claire: Who would have thought that Shakespeare's Sonnets could have been so spiritualized?

Alice: Our supplementary reading includes Alfred Noyes' Essay, "The Real Secret of Shakespeare's Sonnets." Did you girls read it?

Gloria: Did you, Alice?

Alice: Some of it.

Mary M.: I read it all and the part that impressed me most is this passage:

If a thousandth part of the wasted energy had been expended on the artistic appreciation of the work itself, simply as poetry, we should begin to understand the mind and spirit of Shakespeare, the man, far better than by any other means. The beauty of two lines—

*"The summer flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die"—*

tells us more of Shakespeare than can be extracted from all the fallacious attempts to identify "Mr. W. H." and the "Dark Lady."

Fr. K.: That is very significant. Let us all read the whole of Mr. Noyes Essay before we continue this discussion, for I believe our time spent "Break me our watch up."

Susan: Before we go, Father, will you tell us what you think Shakespeare himself would say if he walked in here now.

Fr. K.: If the ghost of Shakespeare walked in now, he would pick up this little volume of sonnets, smile and say: "What fools these mortals be."

The Cancer Cell: Sagacious or Demented

By Joseph A. Pollia, M. D., F. A. C. P., L. L. D.

"The Cancer cell is a normal cell—gone crazy."

A cell that has lost its "mind," like a person who is demented, leads an existence which is aimless, purposeless and injurious to itself and its community.

The definition, which was so popular a few years ago, is still a good one. From all we know about cancer, it does seem that it is the result of activities that are aimless, purposeless and injurious.

What is it that drives a normal cell insane?

Ah! Strange it is, that what drives a human being insane also serves to make a normal cell demented.

It is believed that insanity comes from the effect of environment upon an individual whose constitution is composed of poor material. Our observations in cancer agree with this idea: the cancer cell is a poorly endowed member that cannot "take it."

Thus if and when an environment happens to be too harsh upon a sensitive being, the being-cell or man, escapes the consequences in aimless, purposeless and injurious expressions.

It is singular, isn't it, that in our time, the two great problems are INSANITY and CANCER. For these diseases, there is no satisfactory method for either their control or their treatment. And, they are on the increase!

Could it be possible, that both are the responses of weaker members in the communities of cells and of men, to the demands of an environment that is blind to their suffering and deaf to their remonstrances?

Let's examine this possibility, just for fun.

The cancer cell like the crazy person looks no different than a normal cell. If we think that a demented individual has a peculiar stare or cast to his face, then we'd be very poor in picking out the sane; the difference lies only in the way each one behaves. The same food is needed to nourish the one as the other. Neither can survive except in the same environment as their normal counterparts. However, the normal counterpart whether cell or human regulates their activities in such a way as to, at least, favor a smooth and peaceful existence for all concerned, while the demented counterparts have no control over what they do and the community suffers by their presence.

Thus it is established that both the cancer cell and the normal cell have nothing that is not possessed by the other. Now normal cells breathe, eat, work and reproduce themselves. So does the cancer

cell. However, in the normal cell the life activities enumerated above remain under strict obedience to the regulating mechanisms; in the cancer cell the opposite prevails: the cell has lost, in greater or less degree, the capacity to be regulated, and, the less regulation the more deadly the cancer. Is this not like the unhappy people who have lost their minds?

Now what makes a cancer cell?

That unfortunately we do not know. We think—by we I mean those who interest themselves in this problem—that the change is brought about by some one, or, perhaps dozens of outside influences. Those of us who are trying to show that the cancer cell is the result of a virus hope that this one influence will explain all the hundred or so varieties of this abnormality. The rest of us seem to think that there are a great many influences perhaps “more—than are dreamt of in (our philosophy.)” In this case then, the study of cancer will become a discipline that leads to a career instead of a problem that can be solved.

It can be ventured that the history of cancer research contains as many attempts to explain its origin upon a single element as there are forceful and distinguished champions of the newest explanation of its presence.

Since we do not know what makes a normal cell cancerous let's turn to insanity again. Do we know why this occurs?

There happens to be a little more understanding of this process than there is of the cancer process. It is quite agreed that long continued strain will “break” an individual's will. Examples of this, are confessions obtained under relentless questionings from suspects, with modern devices of bright lights, incessant repetitions, alternate demonstrations of kindness and firmness and drugs, it is possible to break the innocent's self control, as well as that of the hardened criminal.

It is also recognized, that malnutrition, certain diseases, excessive secretions of certain hormones, chemical agents may produce insanity. It is strange that these agents play some part, little or great, in the production of cancer. Yet, as in the breaking of the human will by adverse and oft repeated insults, by far the largest numbers of cancers are the sequel to exposure of an organ to frequent and incessant influences which injure but do not maim or kill the cells.

In producing skin cancer in mice, at Mt. St. Mary's College, the Sisters paint them but once a week with a weak solution of a cancer producing compound for four months or so. In the beginning the hair falls off and grows in again; later scales form and all the time the hair tries desperately to come in; finally tiny warts form. If the painting is stopped here, nearly all of the warts will go away, clear evidence of how hard the skin cells are trying to

behave normally. If the painting goes on, cancer begins and after that—there is no return. Here, to carry on our parallel, is the instance where normal cells fight hard for four months (about twenty years in the human) in the mouse, against a chemical influence that will not permit it to do its part in growing hair and providing the mouse with protection from the outside world, and in the end turning "crazy" perhaps like Samson did: in trying to escape the molester, it kills the host and itself.

Then there is another form of insanity: that which comes from repeated frustrations. The individual tries with all his powers to gain objectives but meets with only partial successes or fails completely. Some cancers could be ascribed to partial and incomplete functionings. Among Japanese women, particularly the laboring classes, breast cancer is rare. Breast cancer is unknown in cows. Japanese infants are breast fed until the next pregnancy. In the cow the milk producing mechanism is kept working thruout the animal's fertile period. Breast cancer occurs frequently among those races were breast feeding is restrained. If newly born mice are removed from the mother, if the nipple of mice are injured; then a high percentage of those mice will have cancer of the breast.

In years gone by, cancer of the corner of the mouth in men who smoked the short stemmed clay pipe was common. It did not occur with a long stemmed clay pipe; the short stem became hot. Here over heating of the corner of the mouth for twenty to forty years caused the skin cells to become cancerous. Now this form of cancer has disappeared particularly in the United States of America: cigarette smoking has displaced the short clay pipe. Cancer of the tongue was more frequent twenty years ago than it is now. Better dentistry and cleaner mouths have eliminated its frequency of occurrence.

Years ago, when hot clay pipe cancer was prevalent, I was intrigued not by its presence, but by its absence in the majority of clay pipe smokers. Why did it happen only in the few? The answer is simple; those few who developed it had cells that "couldn't take it." It appears then that the majority of men who smoked those pipes had more resistant cells.

Now in our mice at Mt. St. Mary's College, the situation is different. Approximately all the mice painted with this chemical solution show their cancers at about the same time. Why? These mice are pure bred lines. They are to all intents and purposes like multiples of identical twins. Their cells are about as alike as one could hope for. Since the chemical that they receive has a similar reaction as the clay pipe has upon the lip, then the difference in reaction may be explained on the basis of heredity. However, I'm rather certain that this difference can be broken down either by prolonging the time or by the addition of something that the organism of the resistant person lacks.

For instance, white rats seem to be resistant to the development of cancer of the breast by themselves; in mice this tendency is common. Yet, if a rat is given diethylstilbestrol, one of the female sex hormone substitutes, cancer of the breast develops in about 6 months. One must assume that the rat lacks sufficient female sex hormone, to produce breast cancer in the normal life span.

Thus resistance to the development of cancer can be summed up in one word LACK. Lack of time, for the cancer process is one of long duration or lack of agent. This latter lack is indicated in the disappearance of clay pipe cancer and in tongue cancer from unclean mouths and poor fitting dental bridges and plates.

Now, why does the cell become cancerous? Why doesn't it do or die. If it can't take it, if it has been harassed by years of injury, frustrations and beatings, is not the best course for it to follow—Death? Now it so happens that in cell life, it must either divide or die. Unless, then the injury kills the cell outright in one of its contacts the weaker the cell becomes, the nearer it edges toward dissolution the stronger the reaction toward perpetuation. Thus the phenomenon of ceaseless reproduction which characterizes cancer is explained. A cancer cell then is a cell that has gone overboard in its desire to live. Whereas, all normal cells reproduce only when the need arises and then only to do the work required of them, the cancer cell lives only to reproduce itself in a feverish anxiety lest it be exterminated. As it cannot be killed, it must survive.

Now, the cancer cell is a weak cell. It cannot stand heat. In 1934 Bogen and I showed that normal chicken embryo cells that grew about as fast as the cancer cells could take much more heat and live, than cancer cells from a mouse ovary. Viruses will take root in birds, animals and man—the same one. Tuberculosis can grow in any animal as well as in human beings. Not so with cancer cells. They can only be propagated either in genetically similar animals or under the most complicated surroundings outside the body. For example, one can be taught how to grow chick embryo cells under glass, in less than the proverbial 6 easy lesson. It was 2 years before I could grow successfully rat cancer cells under glass. Indeed, the cancer cell is, despite its easy sailing, once it gets a foothold in the proper environment, very unstable and insecure.

Yes, it is weak, it is insecure, but it represents the unit of living organisms fighting for its existence. If its ability to obey the controlling factors has disappeared, it is because, it apparently had no choice. And according to natural law, it could not choose to die; it simply had to go on the best it could.

Under such a light as this, rather than under the dark indictment of something malicious and merciless is

The Cancer Cell: Sagacious or Demented

(To be continued)

Once Upon a Time . . .

By Sister Mary Dolorosa

Once upon a time, oh it was long long ago, as the fairy tales say, there lived a horrible monster. Now a monster according to one definition of the word, is a "fabulous or actually existing animal of strange grotesque or horrible form." This monster of long ago was fabulous, strange, grotesque and horrible. Too, it had a strange name. It was called "The Minotaur," a name made up of two Greek words "Minos" and "taurus." Minos was the name of one or of several kings of ancient Crete or perhaps it was a title applied to the ruler, such as "The Pharaohs of Egypt," or modern titles deriving from Caesar, as Kaiser, Czar, Tzar applied formerly to the ruler of Germany, of Russia, Roumania, etc.

However that may be, we frequently meet with Minos in early Cretan history and the term Minoan, marks three periods extending back perhaps to 3500 B. C. Taurus is the Greek word for "bull," so the horrible, strange and fabulous monster, got its name from the fact that it was half bull, and half man of the family of one of the Minoses. They say that it was the grandson of Minos on the maternal side, and of a bull on the paternal.

Naturally King Minos was in a dilemma. He didn't believe in murder which some call birth control though, as the head of the monster was a bull's head, its killing would mean slaughtering an irrational animal. Minos probably didn't reason that way, yet, he was very much ashamed of the appearance of his grandson. Finally he conceived a clever plan for removing the monstrosity from the eyes of the court, while taking care of its physical well being.

At the time, King Minos had a prisoner at court, a skillful artificer named Daedalus. Incidentally he made the first flying machine, but it had several handicaps. Summoning Daedalus to his presence the king explained his need, and ordered his prisoner to construct a home, in reality a prison for the Minotaur. Daedalus went to work on his plans, and when the work was completed, conducted the king through a series of intricate winding and interweaving passages—very confusing but finally emerging on a large inner room, with light and air and plenty of space for taking exercise. This, he said, was the living room of the Minotaur, in reality a prison, as the monster could never find a way out. In fact, on his first visit of inspection the king himself was perturbed for his own escape to the outer air but Daedalus had prepared a map showing just what turns to make in effecting a safe exit.

The architect styled his work a labyrinth, and the word has come to mean a series of intricate passages.

Legends of the Minotaur grew and grew. One of these was that every few years six young men and maids from the mainland

were brought to Crete, taken to the presence of the Minotaur, and as they could not escape through the maze, they were devoured by the beast. Finally a king's son, Theseus, became a national hero, by slaying the Minotaur and by means of a ball of twine which he unwound on his way in, was able to find his way out. Incidentally, it was a woman, the princess Ariadne who taught him the trick.

The sea-kings of Crete ruled and conquered. Probably their role was that of benevolent despots rather than of the cruel tyrants some moderns have imagined them. Relics from their palace, picture them rather as priest kings with a well defined religious cult.

However that may be, they finally became the vanquished and the dim mists of the ages, darkened down over the charred remains of their burnt palace, the drifting sands of centuries blanketed the ruins, the birds dropped seeds, the weeds blew over and rested there, and silence brooded, as the palace of Minos sank further and further into the mysterious oblivion of a buried civilization.

According to ones type or development of imagination, mythology interests or bores one. Some look on myths as sheer nonsense, some see them as springing from and developing around a core, which emerged from events or persons of a vanished past. Archaeology does not spurn the myth, in planning its campaign for "digging up the past." An important case in point develops from the Palace of Minos.

II

Again, once upon a time, but not nearly so long ago, not more than seventy years ago, a young Englishman named Arthur Evans became very much interested in the archaeological and ethnological background of the Balkans and while there his attention was drawn to the island of Crete.

Close to a decade later he was appointed keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford which position he held from 1884 until 1908. Very valuable specimens of ancient writing, seals, cylinders, and signets of various kinds come into the possession of the museum, and Mr. Evans developed his interest in Cretan writing. The bilingual treasure of Egyptian and Greek known as the Rosetta Stone had aroused in the young curator the hope that Cretan writing might be interpreted, should a similar discovery be made in Crete. In 1893 he went to Crete to begin investigations at his own personal expense. Thanks to a liberal provisional government in Greece he was able to purchase a portion of the ruins called the Palace of Minos, and eventually he acquired the whole site, an area of about six and a half acres over which spread these ancient remains at Knossus.

During the long period of his investigations he issued bulletins, and wrote articles marking his progress and around 1920 published

the first volume of his monumental work, "The Palace of Minos at Knossus." Four volumes eventually appeared, really six as volumes two and four have each two parts. Arthur Evan's work in Crete is an outstanding example of efficiency. He was equipped with a deep foundation of classical knowledge, an indispensable factor for an archaeologist working in Minoan Greece or in Italy. Without this, results of his excavations are very liable to misinterpretations.

Sir Arthur Evans (knighted in 1911) shows not only a wonderful literary knowledge of his subject but also power of illustration and comparison thus far unrivalled. While necessarily technical, as his is a scholarly work, it is also readable for the amateur and its contributory information about ancient Aegean life and customs, supported by the author's unbiased consultation and comparisons with the findings of other archaeologists make his conclusions most convincing.

His excavations of the Palace uncovered a building four stories in height but built according to the contour of a graded hill so that level patios and terraces made the several storeys, as it were, ground floors, a roof of one level forming a terrace for the next yet with massive stair ways leading from the lower level of domestic quarters to a Throne Room of a Priest King and to the Megaron or Great Hall of a Queen. Though much of the building was found in a state of collapse, its arrangement was recognizable. Great skill was needed for its re-erection; charred beams were replaced by iron girders, crumbling pillars by new ones, reproductions wherever possible. Evans and his crew, engineers and workmen, dug out and rebuilt the grand staircase 42 feet wide, restored the corridors and halls on the east slope of the palace hill and made other partial reconstructions. Reproduced frescoes are housed in this area of restoration. The original frescoes, a numerous collection in many cases pieced together bit by bit, in the manner of a jig saw puzzle, form a precious treasure in the Candia Museum.

A present day visitor to Knossus can walk up three flights of the ancient grand stairway on its original steps, in the place where centuries ago the Sea Kings of Crete used to tread.

Evans was the first to propose the name Minoan to the pure Cretan culture of the Bronze Age, to distinguish it from the Mycenaeen, found on the Greek mainland and discovered by Doctor Heinrich Schliemann. Could he have succeeded in his quest of deciphering Minoan pictographs and script, the contribution would have been invaluable because of its importance as a forerunner of European Civilization and because of knowledge gained of the origins of Greek legend. But though Evans unearthed more treasure than he had anticipated, he found no key or clue to the interpretation of Cretan writings. Seals in abundance were found, with engraved pictographs and various ornamental motifs cut in ivory, steatite, crystal, jasper and other hard stone. Some designs were

conventional, others realistic, of birds, animals, human forms and flora.

The earliest script known is from the seal stones. This was soon followed by a linear script and hieroglyphs. Some of the finds were in ink on pottery, some engraved on stone or metal, some incised in clay. Two thousand flat incised clay tablets were found at Knossus. Ideograms were expressed by arms, armor, chariots, men, women, food, etc., also some decimal notation—but *no Rosetta Stone* either then or in subsequent excavations at different places on the island of Crete.

The engineering skill of the Cretans appeared in an elaborate drainage system, which, when cleared of rubble and the havoc of time, worked perfectly in carrying off from level to level rain water which would have greatly impeded the work. Stone shafts and ducts with terra cotta pipes carried the water to spouts in the outer wall then into ducts which drained it down the hill sides. The pipe fittings tapered, entering the next section with a collar joint used to secure them. A bath room was found containing an oval earthenware tub. This had a cemented floor. Some of the ground floors were found preserved entire. A corridor 200 feet long had twenty-two narrow rooms opening onto it. There were many courts, some with remains of elaborate mosaic paving, others with imitation mosaics, bright colored clay being mingled with the cement.

One impressive apartment which Evans designated as the Throne Room contained a high backed gracefully shaped gypsum chair. It stood in the middle of a wall with stone benches ranged on either side. Behind was a richly decorated wall, its theme, painted griffins. Opposite the throne was a sunken floor thought to be a lustral chamber for religious ceremonial cleansings.

In the servants quarters, where there were storage rooms, a great collection of fine, painted pottery was discovered. Here also were stone vases and finished blocks of pottery, the artisan evidently having been caught in the final cataclysm which burned the palace. In two large repositories there were rich examples of colored faience statuettes, terra cotta idols of a snake goddess, with her doves, various kinds of vessels, also beads of amethyst, crystal and sardonyx which formed a rich collection.

From both vase painting and numerous wall paintings, Cretan costumes, sports and other occupations came to light. The Processional Corridor had a very interesting fresco, illustrating the love of brilliant colors particularly reds, blues, and yellows. This particular fresco represents a procession of young men, red skinned with dark curly hair, each carrying a ceremonial vessel. Most of the wall paintings seem to have a religious connection. In one a well featured youth wears a plumed lily crown and leads a griffin. Interpreters suggest that he represents a priest king.

Delicate flowers and foliage, butterflies, the double axe and frequent representations of bulls occur in fresco relief and vase painting. The bull's head also appears in sculpture. Bull leaping may have been part of a religious ceremonial and the participants, perhaps, were captive children. In figurines and painting the woman's costume is a skirt, girdle, bodice and high cap; the man's a girdle, footgear, cap and sometimes a scarf. The frescoes show girls, white skinned, and boys dark, vaulting over the bull's back or clinging to his horns. This custom may supply the key leading to the origin of the legend of human sacrifice and the Minotaur in his Labyrinth, in the wing styled the Palace of the Axe.

The symbol of the labrys or double axe occurs frequently in the Minoan ruins. It is found etched on pottery, painted on vases and cut into pillars in an intricate passage way called the hall of the double axe. It was plainly a religious emblem of the Minoan cult, in which the bull and the snake goddess with doves had peculiar significance. Labyrinths are repeated in fresco borders and other ornamental wall paintings and mosaics. The modified labyrinthine pattern is sometimes called the Greek Wall.

Among statuettes, notable are, the Leaping Boy, and the Snake Goddess, the latter sometimes made of clay, sometimes of gold and ivory. In either case her head and body are decorated with twisting snakes and she wears the tall ceremonial cap. Priestesses with votive dress and ornament occur.

Much unpainted pottery was found and also decorated ware. The different backgrounds and color schemes, indexing different eras of culture, aid in fixing chronology. Sea plants and animals, shells, fish, dolphins, the octopus, papyrus, conventionalized lotus and lilies abound on painted walls, pillars and floors. Portraits in wall painting, frescoes and on seals showed varied profiles differing radically from the beak-like designs found often, and reminding one of the execrable cartoons in some of our magazines and dailies. Some portraits show the idealized type of a later Greek age, while others have distinctly aquiline features in some of the ritualistic or processional paintings. The law of frontality common to Egypt is very evident, in the fully drawn eye, though represented on a profile; also in representations of hand and foot positions.

Some of the vases Evans describes as of egg shell thinness "light and spontaneous as a bubble." He describes silver and gold vases, gold figures with doves made of pale blue faience with foot, collar and thimble-like receptacle of gold, great molded jars 1.28 metres in height, polychrome pottery, delicately formed bowls of alabaster and lime stone, cobalt, emerald and crystal beads.

The most magnificent relic discovered was an ivory draught board; ivory draughts men had already come to light. With great care and skill this board was raised from the earth in which it

had lain for centuries so that its original plan was preserved, ivory inlays and reliefs, rock crystal, a bordered design of daisies, rosette medallions, silver lined crystal and remains of gold plating, set off by a rich blue paste,—such was the truly royal and magnificent plaything of a sea king of Crete.

Nothing one can cull from Arthur Evans' magnificent account of his explorations and restorations can do justice to his subject. The temptation is too strong to dwell on this, to include that, omissions are difficult to choose, assembled material becomes disconnected and unclarified. If one has an interest in results of "digging up the past," he should go directly to Sir Arthur Evans own story and not lay it aside until he has read it and studied the rich collection of illustration found in the four volumes of "The Palace of Minos."¹ The first volume of the set found in the Library of Mount Saint Marys College, Los Angeles, includes another treasure—the autograph of Sir Arthur Evans, who died in 1941.

1. Macmillan and Co. St. Martin's Street, London, 1921

Music in the Colleges

By Sister M. Celestine

I have been moved to write this article by reading a reprint from the Association of American College Bulletin on "Music in Campus Living." In this article the author, Dr. Sterling Wheelright of Stanford University, surveys the condition of music in the colleges of today. Dr. Wheelright starts his article with the observation that too often the American student must seek his musical development "off campus." It is only the exceptional institution that helps him grow up with music. To quote from the article, "Through all his impressional years the academic world stands at his elbow in all pursuits of the spoken or written word, but the radio, the movie, the juke box and the dance band are his chief companions in understanding music. By default the college can give over to Tinpan Alley and Hollywood all direction of this emotional life. It is no wonder that an otherwise mature graduate may never mature musically beyond the adolescent world of crooners." There is certainly no denying the truth of this statement. For it seems as though carefully following a program designed to influence them through elementary and secondary schools with the significance of music, the college students are suddenly adrift and left to their own resources. It seems as though only those students with some special knowledge and inclination are given real opportunities for developing taste and aptitude in music. And the general body of students is almost completely neglected insofar as any attempt to influence it musically is concerned. Perhaps the direct cause for this is that education is assumed to be a class room monopoly.

This was true of all academic activity but especially concerning "music education." The student who wished to "major" in music received the principal attention of the music department and little attempt was made to relate music as an art to the general life of the nation or to show its importance as a factor in social education. Fortunately this emphasis is changing today. Perhaps the number of men who were in charge of humanities courses in college training from their activities during the recent war (as evidenced in Dr. Wheelright's report) realize the need of a shift of emphasis in academic musical activity from the professional or specialized to the general student. What forms can this activity take and what methods can be employed in serving all the students?

First of all, are the courses in the literature and understanding of music, what are usually called the history and appreciation of music? These courses, it is true, have been given in American educational institutions for years, some with great success, some with such evidence of failure as to merit the cynical approbation "the appreciation racket." Today however there is a definite tendency to get away from mere facts and surveys in such courses and make them vital experiences in listening. Music as an art is emphasized, of course, and every opportunity is taken of showing how one can really learn to hear it as a tonal language. Its past history and present importance is discussed, and its social significance as a factor in the life of the nation's present is explained and emphasized. These courses recognize and discuss present-day musical performances as well as the classics and Gregorian chant. Above all they strive to make music a vital factor in the lives of those who have any sensitivity to it and to show them how it can be a most important part of future living. Those who go through such a course, well taught, have quite a different outlook on life than they had when they entered it. A second activity is the cultivating of every possible form of group music—choirs, glee clubs, orchestra or ensemble groups. The important thing to be added to group participation is the provision of an opportunity for making music for those who are not sufficiently skilled to experience the thrill of doing so in an expert way. This could be done through the use of student directors and pianists, using folk songs, chorales, etc., of excellent character but easy to perform. Still another phase of campus music is the opportunity for hearing the best in music. Attendance at the Philharmonic concerts or the various musical organizations should be encouraged—not limited to selected groups.

Art educates in the proportion that it gives pleasure; this does not mean that the pleasure is necessarily of the cheapest sort. But some sense of satisfaction must be present when we look at a picture, read a poem and listen to music, or the painting, poem, or symphony has no value whatsoever. In these days of so much "cheap" entertainment offered to the public in the movies and on the radio, the College must take the lead in developing taste and establishing standards.

"The Teacher of Home Economics"

By Sister Marguerite

"The purpose and immediate end of all Christian education is to co-operate with divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian." (A quotation taken from Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on Christian Education of Youth.)

Let us never forget that the subject of Christian education is man, whole and entire, physical and spiritual, intellectual and moral, domestic and social, who judges and acts consistently in accordance with right reason, illumined by the supernatural light of the example and teaching of Christ and His Blessed Mother.

This excellent work must have as its objectives the imparting of wisdom and the discovery of truth; or as Cardinal Newman so aptly called it, "the integration of intellectual and moral discipline." The agencies to accomplish this philosophy of Catholic education are the school, the family and the church.

The teacher's task resolves itself into the basic elements of instruction, motivation and discipline. She first provides and explains a plan, then instigates the activity to accomplish the project; next, she requires a high quality of achievement and lastly grades the assignment in terms of assimilation, organization and reaction.

To accomplish this in home economics the principles of teaching, namely participation, co-operation, co-ordination and unification are all utilized. And this without too much difficulty, because we are dealing, for a great part, with life situations.

The heart of teaching home economics in a Catholic school should revolve around the family. We can find no better example than the Holy One at Nazareth. The purpose of such teaching is summed up perfectly in the quotation,

"And Jesus advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men."

This all round development includes the mental, physical, religious and social aspects of life.

In applying this to our daily work we must be ever mindful that the child's first school was a home (maybe a mal-adjusted one) and his first teacher, his mother. We have a big gap to bridge here. Child study, home economics, health instruction, psychology and religion all contribute to building wholesome understandings and attitudes.

Education is no longer a matter of skills, management and information. It must include the intangible things which are so vital to home life. A serious responsibility of the teacher of today is to seek to counteract the background of commercial advertising, the motion pictures, radio and fiction which all reiterate the idea that

peace, happiness and emotional stability are all outside of daily life and beyond the responsibilities and opportunities which the individual must face each day.

The question of whether a Religious, let us call her Sister Mary, is as well qualified to teach these principles and technics as Miss Cynthia Smith, depends upon Sister Mary. With a suitable family background, the acquired information, the ability to impart it, her religious training and Catholic philosophy; she can do it, not only as well, but in many instances, better than Miss Smith. About a *Mrs. Smith*! Now that is *DIFFERENT*, you will say. Many years of experience have not proven to me that the marital state makes a difference even in such courses as Child Care and Development. We want the ideal taught; if the married teacher does not have it in her own home her teaching will be tinged with her real life, whereas Sister Mary and Miss Smith still will teach the ideal.

I would like to enumerate a few activities which we have found helpful at Mount Saint Mary's College, in order to demonstrate the foregoing points.

Early in the academic year we borrow the records on *Careers in Home Economics* from the local gas company. This sometimes opens up new trends of thought.

In the home management and elementary foods classes, one of our first demonstrations is given by the Safety and Accident Prevention department of the American Red Cross. This shows the hazards of inadequate or overloaded electrical wiring. It always stimulates much thought and discussion on safety in every phase of home and community life.

In October, usually in the first week, the McCall Company, in collaboration with the Broadway Department Store, puts on an extensive fashion show which includes millinery and accessories as well as clothing. This is outstanding.

In a city the size of Los Angeles, we are almost embarrassed with a wealth of material for field trips. Just to mention a few: Barker Brothers, with every type of room arranged in their famous store, offers much in interior decoration. Robinson's, has a table-setting display at Thanksgiving time which includes every occasion from a barbecue to a formal dinner. The post-war house, built by outstanding authorities in their individual fields, is well worth while. The Matchless House is truly matchless because of the use of electricity; here we saw an electronic cooking demonstration. California is noted for its pottery—many of these companies delight in conducting tours through their plants. The textile industry is growing; here one sees in the looms, the most beautiful woolen yardage or the coarsest rugs. The galleries are delightful, especially the Huntington Memorial with its treasures in art, silver and china. And there are many others.

In conjunction with these we have fundamental activities in which the entire faculty, or certain members of it, as the case may be, integrate and evaluate the end achieved.

Family Week always calls forth some special work, such as original or new recipes, short cuts to household duties, and the like. Book Week is exciting; not only for the reviews of new books in the field, but for the interest aroused in related fields. Interracial Week never passes without guest speakers, from among the student body, telling us of foreign family life and customs. Native costumes and food stuffs make this enjoyable as well as educational.

The year's end for the home economics group includes a full course dinner and a Fashion Show and Tea, to which the entire faculty, student body and the participating students' parents are invited.

Thus the years go on. We feel the seeds are sown for continuous growth on leaving school, whether it be for the bride or the research worker.

When we recall the monotony of daily and hourly appointments and the drudgery of reading and correcting assignments we are prone to wonder if there are any rewards for teaching in any field, but particularly in that of home economics. But the rewards are great never-the-less. When one begins, there is a wide gap in knowledge and ability between the teacher and the student but this gradually becomes narrower and narrower, often closing entirely. The teacher's academic and professional education become the possession of the pupil. In the spiritual education the teacher's ideals, standards of conduct and sense of values pass on to the pupil. This determines the personality of the student. Can one who has played a part in the life destinies of a young woman which have led her closer to her Creator in her home or her profession look for greater compensation?

Welcome Citizen!

By Sister M. Hortensia

A sense of climax stirred the air. The ascending action had two distinct motifs—seven years of anticipation with the action confined, for the most part, to the principal actor, Sister Dolorine; however, during the last five months it had crystallized into an attitude of definite expectancy shared by the community at large: her religious Sisters and all the personel who contribute to the maintenance of the College from the professor to her own domestic help whom she manages so efficiently. Today, July fourth, nineteen hundred forty-nine, as the radio gallantly broadcasts "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and I sit typing this article, the awareness of the blessings of my citizenship is brought home to me more poignantly because on June tenth of this same year I had the privilege of accompanying Sister Dolorine for her final hearing on her petition for citizenship in these United States of America,

Exactly at nine o'clock, we arrived in the Police Department! The New Federal Building was labeled *Post Office* and we had crossed to the wrong side of Temple Street. One of the members of the Department paid us the indirect compliment of recognizing that we were out of place and courteously directed us through that "city within a City" to our destination. We were chagrined for one instant when our way was barred to Room 231. We were too late? No, but we must first go to the Courtroom. Sister Dolorine presented her papers and passed in freely; I was challenged: "Are you a visitor?" "Yes, one of Sister's witnesses," with that, I too, was permitted to enter.

This courtroom was a pleasant place, friendly, courteous, and dignified. Ushered to our places, we were seated directly in front of Old Glory. As I looked at our country's flag in that room I thought, "This is her rightful setting, to the right of a just judge's bench, in a room where a free citizen may be assured that his natural God-given rights will be protected as far as human intellect aided by Divine Guidance is capable of making just decision." I love her colors, and never look on them without a fragment of a poem from my primary school days coming to mind:

*"The red's for Courage
And the white's for Faith
And the blue bids us be True"*

Each word had a richer meaning for me that day.

A voice interrupted my thoughts. Mr. Michael Leone, Designated Naturalization Examiner, was speaking. He was giving in a warm, friendly voice some final instructions to those about to take the Oath of Citizenship. "I notice that some of the ladies present have gloves on. Out of respect for the oath that you are about to take, will you please remove the glove from the right hand?" If anything was needed to establish rapport between us and the group, his voice did it. At the time of the examination of applicant and witnesses, begun by Mr. Ernest G. Woodward, Naturalization Examiner the latter had informed me that Mr. Leone and I had common spiritual background in our Faith, and a geographical one in—West Hoboken.

The Judge was delayed by a case that he was hearing in another courtroom. The pause gave opportunity to become visually acquainted with our companions. About two dozen nationalities were represented among approximately three hundred persons. Their faces were those of good people, and sincerity, gravity, and to some extent nervousness due to the realization of the importance of the event, was noticeable. Mr. Leone spoke: "The judge presiding today is Pierson M. Hall, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of California. He will be here presently. This Judge likes to *hear* the verbatim oath, and so when you repeat it after him, phrase by phrase, shout it, so that the pickets on Spring Street can hear it." Just then . . .

"Hear ye, hear ye, this Court is now in Session" chanted the Clerk. I glanced quickly, expecting to see a page with raised trumpet preceding him. The travesty was not there, but the sudden hush bespoke an internal reverence, whose depths could not be reached by mere externals. This was the moment for which they had been waiting. Judge Hall was scarcely seated when he cordially greeted the citizens-to-be, and then said, "If anyone has changed his mind in regard to becoming a citizen, this is the last opportunity to declare himself. It is done by merely rising and announcing your name." No one moved. "Then," continued the Judge, "in a moment all will rise, and each will raise his right hand, and repeat after me verbatim, the Oath of Allegiance, pausing after 'I' to say loudly and distinctly one's own name. Following your oath, it is customary for the presiding Judge to give an instruction. A few years ago, a naturalized citizen when asked his impressions of the final procedure for naturalization, said that he found it all very impressive, but he didn't think much of the Judge's speech. From that time I have shared my responsibility and asked for volunteers from among the new citizens to say a few words in respect to what their citizenship means to them. Some of these citizens will speak to you right after the Oath is taken."

Mr. Leone then presented the class to Judge Hall. I noticed that when he presented the group, he specified that five of the members were persons who had lost their citizenship and were desirous of regaining it. I wondered, "What is it like to be a man without a country?" At a gesture from Mr. Leone, all arose, raised their right hands with palms opened wide and repeated word for word, with a holy conviction, the solemn Oath:

"I _____ HEREBY declare, on oath, that I absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty of whom or which I have heretofore been a subject or citizen; that I will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion: So Help Me God."

Again I was meditating: "In the Oath 'So Help Me God'; on the Naturalization Certificate 'In the year of our Lord . . . and of our Independence'—God and Country! The concept of the Founding Fathers and the testimony of history bear unassailable evidence that our dear Country was founded under God and that the preservation of our natural rights is insured by the Christian principles enunciated in the First Ten Amendments." Hesitant only a moment, citizen though I am, I too joined in the oath. The renewal of my obligations has intensified the words, "I will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic." My mind raced on—"This is only one Court in the whole United States naturalizing only one class of all those seeking citizenship. If these hundreds of people come to us and

have such a profound appreciation for the privilege of citizenship, how can we dare to fear that alien ideologies can survive."

' Strong emotions shortened the speeches of the volunteers. A young English woman remarked that she had lived under three governments but the labor period of preparation and instruction required by the United States to insure an adequate knowledge of the citizen's privileges and duties had impressed her. A young Polish woman who had lived under the domination of Russia and Nazi Germany, and since the American occupation had married an American soldier, expressed to Judge Hall her great gratitude for the blessings that became hers today; the Judge gracefully and wisely told her that to the men who had fought and suffered that our way of life might continue and to those who would protect it in the future, the thanks were due. Much food for thought was supplied in the few words said by the Danish officer who had served in the Danish Navy during the War. He said, "When the question was put to me yesterday as to why I was seeking citizenship in the United States, I answered in a generalization. When thinking about the question last night I became aware that my desire sprang from a firm belief that the United States is the last stronghold of the protection of man's natural rights, and if, God forbid, another war is fought, I want to be on the side of the nation who is protecting these rights."

Now, Judge Hall gave his instruction. It was just such a talk as a teacher with his pupils' best interests at heart would give. His manner was paternal. Two points impressed me. "If," he said, "I were to give you only one piece of advice it would be to read American history. Not the subject; you know more American history than my own children who are in school, for you have had special preparation—but read biography, become familiar with the men who have framed this Constitution, learn what they suffered while making it, and what the men have suffered who have preserved it for you. Then you will appreciate and protect these liberties for yourself and those who will come after you."

The new citizens formed a line from the Courtroom to Room 231 where they affixed their signatures to their final papers. Only a few utterances of the reverence and inner joy of the people, were present. One baby, two and a half years old pulled away from her Daddy's hand to run to the line to kiss her Mother, "Mummy, did you know your speech?" . . . The young G. I. congratulated and gently kissed his Polish wife; some shook hands vigorously but silently; others said but one word, charged with feeling "Congratulations!"; and then Sister Dolorine came. "Welcome, Sister Citizen!"

The drama is over, but the participants have put on a citizenship which will exert a permanent influence.

*"He cannot as he came depart
The wind that woos the rose;
Her fragrance lingers in his heart
Wherever hence he goes."*

(INFLUENCE)

The House of Usher — and Usherettes

By Frances Taylor—An Alumna

"Are there any people upstairs yet—or only ushers?" This unflattering query from one whose stock in trade is the rental of opera glasses to patrons in the foyer of the San Francisco War Memorial Opera House should have aroused my professional ire, casting, as it did, an aspersion on that essential portion of the theater personnel of which I have been a member for the past several years. But instead, I humored him with the rejoinder that there were as yet "only ushers," while at the same time I mentally registered one more item among a growing collection of interesting and amusing incidents which had befallen me since I had nominally become a member of the ushers' union.

Now, generally speaking, memoirs are to be expected from the pens of elder statesmen, retired world travellers, and self-satisfied litterateurs. Having neither the requisite qualifications nor the aspiration to attain inclusion in any of these categories, I probably should have allowed these incidents to continue languishing in my brain. But so many volumes have been written about San Francisco, every one of which is pervaded by an atmosphere of the inevitable cable car, Grant Avenue flower stand, Golden Gate Park, China Town, Fisherman's Wharf, and the two Bridges, that it seems as though something might well be said about a neglected phase of the City's existence remote from these customary symbols of its charm—its night life as exemplified by the performances presented and the audiences in attendance, at the beautiful civic War Memorial Opera House. And who is better qualified to report on this phase than the usher or usherette who sees all, hears all, and hesitates to criticize nothing.

Let me first introduce you to that group whose function it is to request ladies with long feathers on their hats to remove the offending chapeaux and gentlemen with pipes in their mouths to quench the fires that burn therein. There are two kinds—ushers and usherettes, readily distinguishable by gender but who, in the interest of simplicity and because they perform the same offices, shall hereinafter be designated as "ushers."

Now, ushers are a group of persons (the opinion of the glasses vendor notwithstanding) who lend themselves to the service of patrons purely in the interest of—shall we say, cultural advancement? For their income tax returns are in no way affected by any computible remuneration, they being like the little boys who used to gain admission to the circus by carrying water to the elephants. Their compensation is the privilege of witnessing the performance, not to speak of the opportunity of psychoanalyzing the audience. And their tenure is on a precarious season-to-season basis, depending more or less upon good conduct and faithful attendance.

Ushers are recruited from all walks of life. Our group includes, among others, the head decorator in one of San Francisco's leading furniture stores, a buyer in a department store, a taxi driver, a receptionist for a pediatrician, a Western Union employee, a retired ballet dancer, an ex-vaudeville actress, accountants, insurance underwriters, secretaries, school teachers, and, of course, students of music and voice and just students. Ushering is to them an avocation—either an escape from the drudgery or humdrum of a job, or an uplifting change from the responsibilities of life. It offers an opportunity that money couldn't possibly buy—for who could afford to hear, in one season, all the symphonies, all the concerts—vocal and instrumental—all the operas, all the lectures; and see all the ballets and all the plays, as well as the miscellanies, such as the United Nations Conference, the Shrine Circus, the Vienna Choir Boys, Burl Ives, Duke Ellington, Clare Booth Luce, Pelgar—the hypnotist, and the Annual Regional Preliminary Contest of the S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A., otherwise known as the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America.

Now, don't confuse us with the slack-clad, flashlight-brandishing ushers who hold forth in moving picture theaters, for we like to regard ourselves as belonging to the upper strata of theatrical personnel. We are required to wear no uniform—merely a suit or dress of dignified black, set off with a red satin arm band bearing the name of the Opera House in gold lettering. And I even strain the regulation regarding black by sometimes wearing gay prints with a mere black background. The excuse I keep handy is the fact that in dead black I look as though I had lost a lately lamented husband, and such a symbol of gloom would scarcely be seemly in the atmosphere provided by the Opera House.

We congregate one hour before curtain time, and remain at our respective doors and aisles until conclusion of the first half hour of the performance, or at least until all the patrons are seated. Thereafter, we may sit in certain designated spots on the stairs—or, if there should be vacant seats, we may occupy them if accessible without the disturbance of a patron, the practice of stepping over a seated person being as objectionable in the theater as in a church pew. During this preliminary hour of duty there is ample time for sociability among the ushers, and there develops a spirit of comradeship which finds outlets later on in house parties or other social activities. And I might mention the fact that programs which are not too intriguing are frequently abandoned in favor of another famous San Francisco spot—Blum's Candy Store. Here the usher who does not particularly relish a Bach concerto without piano accompaniment, his evening duties completed, may occupy a stool and find solace in a delicious chocolate fudge milk shake or other confection to taste. Blum's is conveniently located not too far distant from the Opera House and disinterested ushers can always be reached at the corner of California and Polk Streets.

My particular function as an usher is to split, which doesn't mean that I am a contortionist—rather, I'm a glorified indoor traffic officer who stands at one of the entrances, coaxes the patrons to relinquish their stubs long enough to be read, and directs them to the proper aisle where an usher waits to show them to a specific seat. After considerable practice, I have trained myself assiduously to avoid following their course with my eyes, because their more or less consistent failure either to listen, to remember, or to understand, which is a charitable explanation of their failure to follow directions, would in time develop in me an overwhelming sense of futility.

Now, situated as I am at the door, I have the first opportunity to appraise the audience which, it has been observed with interest, varies widely with the type of performance to be presented.

For instance, there is one type of patron who is a never-ending source of amazement to me—and his brothers are legion. I refer to the person who travels the very short distance from the entrance of the Opera House to the balcony and regards me in utter amazement when I demand (sweetly, of course) his ticket stubs. When he has recovered from the shock of the request, he proceeds to explore all his pockets—how many are there supposed to be in a tailor made suit?—before the elusive little pieces of paper come to hand. Usually his wife stands by while he conducts the search and says encouragingly, "You must have them, dear. You had them when we came in, you know." And while I marvel at this feat of legerdemain, he produces obsolete tickets to the two legitimate theaters in San Francisco, a parking lot ticket, a race track ticket, a hat check, a shoe repair stub, and a street car transfer. His perseverance is usually rewarded, however, and I finally admit him and his wife. Now, should I classify him as a person whose life is customarily disorganized, as one who is not an habitué of the theater, or an amateur magician?

Another common group are the innocents who surrender their stubs complete with the little envelope in which they were purchased at the box office. This obliges me to stop the flow of traffic while I excavate for the desired items, which I return, sans envelope, accompanied by the admonition, tinged with the merest trace of sarcasm, that it will scarcely be worthwhile to redeposit them in the envelope because they must be produced still once more for the usher on the aisle. Now, how shall I classify these? Are they ultra precise, or merely untutored in the ways of the theater?

And then there's the common garden variety of ticket-holder who clasps his stub with a death grip, refusing to relax even momentarily—which would still be satisfactory to me if he would only move his determined thumb just about one half inch to the left and away from the number which, after all, is the only item of information on the stub about which I have any curiosity. And

a kindred spirit is the one who surrenders his ticket readily enough, but who cheerfully smiles into my face, meanwhile displaying the back or blank side. These people afford me much material for speculation. I wonder if their reluctance to release the ticket indicates a suspicious nature, or a miserly one; or if the upside-down ticket-holder is a slipshod, illogical, or thoughtless person.

Symphonies and concerts, vocal or instrumental, attract the cultured, educated, and refined, the finest type of audience. Among this group is seldom found one who declines to accept a program in the erroneous belief that there is a fee involved, or who ignores the usher's offer of assistance, leaving him to feel not only unnecessary but unwanted, or who offers a tip for the delivery of a fan note to one of the artists, thereby making the usher feel like a public servant.

There is one species of symphony audience, however, which is in a class by itself. It is the group which attends the special Thursday night symphony, a performance for the particular benefit of college students, who are admitted at reduced rates. The purchasers of these tickets usually attend in pairs—the same assortment as in Noah's Ark—and they come trooping in in their sweaters, and dirndls, and flats. They conduct themselves reasonably well so far as their entry is concerned, but they are the despair of the ushers on the aisles because they cannot be made to understand that certain tickets correspond to certain seats. They seem to believe it is "old home week" or some other college institution, and they insist upon sitting with their friends in any seat of their own choice with utter disregard for the rights of those who might be so conventional as to prefer occupying the seats they had purchased. And after the battle of the seats has been won, the ushers patrol up and down during the performance, observing the pairs of love birds all over the house.

And then there is the ballet audience. I hesitate to attempt a description of what the ballet attracts because it is something which really defies and eludes adequate description. All the "queers" come out of their haunts and gravitate toward the Opera House when the ballet comes to town. The mystery is, where do they keep themselves between performances?—fancy men with hair-dos which bespeak infrequent commerce with the barber; ladylike creatures in checkered trousers and flowered shirts with gardenias in their buttonholes.

(To be continued)

